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[Rees, George Beresford]

The Works of the Twentieth Century Poet

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INTRODUCTION

Its readers will appreciate its qualities. It has some of the most gifted predictions ever put before mankind to study, gives full knowledge in talented poetry of America's most famed health resorts, pleasure grounds and what true love is, and some of the sights that were seen overseas, by one of America's famous bugler boys. If read closely it will tell the future of this planet and also true at heart adventures. Taken in all it is something in itself that gives to all a pleasure to read. Written by one of America's favorite authors.

GEORGE BERESFORD NOAKES.

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1921

JAN -3 1922

THE VALLEY OF THE PURPLE SUN
No. 1

Among the beautiful Yosemite trees towering high,
Kissing the purple and pretty sky,
This vale of health it waits for you—
The valley of art where love proves true.

As its breezes makes its fragrants tell,
In the valley of the rose giant cedars dwell.
With a call from the wild, its scenes so mild,
The Yosemite Valley with beauty refined.

An inspired scenery beckons for thee,
In this Valley of the Purple Sun, that we
May camp in harmony beneath its trees;
The Yosemite Valley with its beautiful breeze.

Its scenes most beautifying grandeur still we
May cherish its splendor, combined so free.
Its shady nooks, and diamond looks,
Such touring be worth many books.

This "Valley of the Sun-kist Purple Rays,"
As the sun gives reflection on the moon's silver glaze,
Telling tales by bonfires, the camplife 'tis sweet,
In the valley of the sun, it's a perfect treat.

Health before wealth makes a future sweet,
Then wealth shall greet you and bow at your feet.
This exchange of life with a health of strife
Means a super and a modern life.

As ye journey on thru this vale of love,
Sweet dreams come to you as heart can wish.
In this sunny land of the turtle dove,
Among its giant trees and flowers of bliss.

Let the scenes of love where our fathers trod,
Beneath such skies, in this land of true blood;
Let travel and thoughts with thy future life
Be the foundation of a worldly strife.

In this blue-lit starry vale and moonlit land,
Where the sun has left its companion to light the trail,
The valley of paradise and its happy band
Beckons to thee, its blessing, and vacation's vale.

Grandeur, beauty, silent trees with bending bows,
Its shades of golden amber cleave the silent skies.
The singing birds of sunshine with pretty notes
arouse
In the Valley of Yosemite, where the Purple Sun
doth rise.

As the twilight spreads its rays so sweet,
And its paths of gold with the starlight greet,
In Yosemite Valley, of the "Purple Sun,"
The paradise of rainbows and lots of fun.

Now let this beauty spot for all
Keep rolling the spark of life adorn;
In this land of the super health so fine,
'Tis a blessing of this earthly grind.

ACROSS THE GREAT DIVIDE
No. 2

To the hills of fame where you see no rain,
Across crusted desert and sandy plain,
You journey on to the sunset's ray,
Passing thru paradise on vacation day.

Up and up to the bluelit skies,
Journeying on to meet your prize,
Speeding on thru mountain slopes and glens,
This world with its many turns and bends.

With pastures green 'tis but a dream,
The moon and stars beneath the heavens gleam,
As the rattler goes thru the darkest depths,
Bound for the land of the starlit crest.

As the heavens shone forth its beautiful rays,
Casting its heat on a desert's white glaze,
Watching the cactus in reddish bloom,
Beneath a beautiful silvery moon.

Did you ever stop to peer thru life as this world
it ages on,
And ever think and wonder of the things you
should have done?
But with pride you glide to the great divide,
To a better life on the other side.

THE WAYS OF THE WORLD
No. 3

Judgement of mankind thru this earthly grind
Means the super leader with a stately mind.
And follow the path of sweet destiny,
The ways of the World be a treasure to the U. S. A.

Now let it be known with thy birth gifted stone,
Of sweet treasures set clear before thee.
It's just what thee be in this present day
That shall pave thy future gayly.

The ways of a mind, the heart and a soul,
Be the things of nature thru earth's gifted goal.
It's not what you was, but what we see ahead;
Remember this ditty on rising from thy bed.

As skyblue eyes of sweet leisured strain,
Towards the broad line of this country,
A thought of the past kisses the dazzling haze of chance,
From the days that war it started, till the return of them from France.

AMERICA'S FUTURE
No. 4

From the days that this land first founded its wake,
When our flag unfurled its colors beneath a bluish sky,
Its destiny reflects a spirit that shall prove to make
The patriotic passion still with old glory standeth nigh.

By true mothers care this nation gave its share,
From old glory's shore to the burst of cannon shot and shell,
To Flander's fields, amidst bloody hole of hell,
The fighting rainbow boys saved young France to tell

Of a horrible sight to see, which brought a destiny
To this land of fame amid, harmony reign,
Our colors shall raise in its glorious praise,
And independent of all other lands' ways.

From the days of '76 designed for one and all,
Our emblem stands as a nation's banner, free
Of all the flags that wave o're lands so fair,
Old Glory waves o'er one land, and this one it shall be.

IN HAWAII
No. 5

Did you ever sit and wonder
About this land so grand to see,
And peer at her golden riches,
An angel once told to me?

With the longing to see a paradise to thee,
And some day cross the deep blue sea,
To a land which seems so sweet and fair,
Come to you smiling with a kingly care.

With the past we wipe our tears away,
And a dawning of a better day.
We wend our way to strive and gain
A blessing of this earthly reign.

As we travel our way thru this world of woe,
There is always one thing that we all know.
That love is our founder and gift to all.
Stand by its meaning, and never shall we fall.

With the sun shining glory thru the western skies,
And sinks to bed with radiance of red,
To rise against a purple haze,
And bring the dawn of modern days.

In Hawaii, across Pacific seas,
Bathing in a western breeze,
Riding the breakers as the tide rolls in,
Watching and learning the way to swim.

I've traveled o'er the U. S. A.
And studied far and wide,
But the Isle of Isles brings many smiles
In pleasure, love-seeking Hawaii.

Instinct in Nature teaches American-born people to first of all to be cautious, but one-third of a man must be pride; with second reason to gain this foresight, to raise a child, rightly and purely, it first of all must be brought up to be cautious to make a proper American. On this God-given soil, superman dwelleth but many more be needed to fulfill life's coarse pathways to make the hopes and wishes of living much more sweeter. Many a man or woman has been doomed, by not being cautious. Life is a wonderful thing when pride is used instead of excitement in this land of blessing where the hand of man be for all, and one may gain almost anything by using judgment with passive thought. Souls never fall who use judgment with the paths of will, when a man be a man, trouble goes the other way. In all my life I never found trouble except on one occasion which was in France with the A.E.F. Then I was with the boys and they with me, but those days were days of judgment, too, and we sure had to use it at the battle of Chateau Thierry. I was a bugler, and it always pays to be a good one. If not, one is out of luck but no one else's fault but his own. By luck I made good and today I'm going thru life to help improve it, if I daresay, it is only no more than right to make all the people glad. One can if the power is there to do so. Let your ruling be caution first, and see how much more life will be sweetened for all in this superland of everything. There be many opportunities for all who look at Nature with a big heart for everyone. Keep your heart up, which is your generator with vitality and the world is set before thee. Longevity shall then reign and contentment be yours. This is called one hundred per cent American, and no man can be one unless he follows one little thing first, and that is to be cautious, so to make God's country much more helpful to everyone. We will all join into being that

one hundred per cent by following suit; that is what turned the tide at the battle of Chateau Thierry with the Rainbow boys of A.E.F. So let's all be the same way for all time and show every nation it really is God's country.

THE GOLDEN PROMISE
No. 6

From school days into wedlock we paved a way so green,
But past days and childhood ways seem just like a dream.
And now we wend our way thru life, to satisfy this earthly strife,
To love each other as we should in a land of a golden promise.

As we sit at home in the moonlight and watch the pretty stars,
And wonder what kind of people live upon the silent Mars;
But all those pretty stars we see are not inhabited, all.
As brethren keep not promises, like stars shall totter and fall.

This world some day must pass away, with a fate to them unknown;
That fail to keep a maiden sweet, and make a kindly home.
But judgment left between the two, one little thing will see you thru,
To part the ways in silent awe, before some trouble proves to flaw.

What dreams are thine to save in time, such earthly blessings
And prove to shine, both love shall rhyme, your dove caressing,
To will they way, that children may good laws obey,
A golden promise—pays to be honest till judgment day.

MR. HARDING AS PRESIDENT
No. 7

When he sits in that chair of the U. S. A.
He'll make things count for many a lost day;
And take that gifted pen in hand,
To rule this country as an independent land.

As the wake and the future of more modest ways
Means super harmonious equalities raise.
As a man of men, he'll do his bit,
He deserves such honors and will never quit.

Will the days of good judgement come back to us,
But with proper reason there'll be no fuss.
Leave it to one who thinks for one and all,
With him as a leader this land shall not fall.

He'll protect the colors of the red, white and blue,
And make times easier for Americans too.
With humorous ways he'll smile with you.
And show what a real Yanky can do.

THE SPOKEN WORD
No. 8

We take a man at his word today,
But there's many a thing that he's bound to say
That may lead you straight or lead you astray;
Some go the perfect style and some on the wrong file.

The word of a man be far from a sham,
He's the one to help you if he can;
The broad be the greatest path to find,
The modern guide with a manly pride.

The word from the one who would reason right,
Says less, but thinks of the things that are right,
And goes through this world with a kingly care,
He's the man who will surely do his share.

"The spoken word," but gee, it's a bird,
It's the kindliest saying we ever heard.
When a man stays by this little ditty
He'll go thru this world mighty pretty.

THE JUNGLES OF AMERICA
No. 9

Did you ever sit and wonder
About the beautiful things to see,
And ever stop to ponder
What pleasures your's could be?

From health, wealth, wisdom, with gold,
Make your path straight and bold.
Go your way, be as free as the day,
And travel o'er the U. S. A.

Think of the days of long-ago,
Those are the ways we love to know.
Sitting by camp fires, telling tales with glee;
Won't you remember true days of the free?

As you go your way thru life and woe,
Make up your mind to say, "I'll go
To a land where you see no snow,
The jungles of America and westward, ho!"

Far off in the distance across a great divide,
Is a land that holds for you a pride;
Which makes a friendship true at heart,
The land you can make a pretty start.

Such life as this deserves true bliss,
In this land of golden promise.
With the western breezes flowing sweet,
American pride and harmony meet.

As you travel o'er this land so grand,
Picturing many a happy band,
California, the land, and home of the free,
The jungles of America beckon to thee.

THE GOLDEN SUNSET
No. 10

As the sun journeys on to the golden west,
Piercing the skies to the stage of rest,
Changing its color from gold to red,
To the Golden West on its way to bed.

With the day gone by and the sun has left the solemn sky,
The golden sunset left to the silvery crest,
With the dawn of tomorrow from her bedded nest,
Shines its glory thru the heavenly quest.

WHEN A MAN'S A MAN

ADVENTURE

As thoughts wander nigh to set a future path; for the kind who are willing to accept it with an enlightened trail, as the sun lights the trail for us all, it also beckons to us to follow its rays and its opportunities, for man in his future. How bright it would be if every man could see just as far as the other fellow; also, but life is fast fading, like the setting of the rising sun as it sets in the West. Its numerous days count the paths of man, which makes the world a little shadier as it goes, but chance lies with us all, and foresight shall lead to its path of right. So as the wheels grind for the world, let us keep them going for that opportunity, as a man is what he makes himself; we must adhere to him thereby as a pedigree, be there, from the sloping hills of rain to the desert of fame, for that beckoning to the gifted reign, we journey on to leave behind—shame. Then there'll be no one to blame. Let words be mightier than the sword, and cherish peace, but not least, that some day these morals will be preached. When a man's a man he'll remember that what mother taught. As I journeyed o'er the great divide to a far-off land never to be forgotten; for nature's sake it strikes a man's grain to see the wonders put before us, and still the lacking in modesty of man holds back some of the pleasures and liveliness of the world that really belongs to him by not being alert. I will give you an instance of a fellow who was given a chance to prove his worth by being staked to make his start, but just as soon as his real friend had trusted him to mend his way he disappeared with his friend's stake money and was never seen again. The friend's object was to help him in filing a claim in Arizona, and had confidence in him, but he proved to be a fraud and an outcast wherever he went after that. Such pettiness will never make a man. What makes

a man is caution, judgment and pride; that's when a man is a man. Now let us turn to the page of goodness. Within its way man exists for all time. Let it be just a few words. Do thy will as others would cherish and admire you for doing. Thus the sun shall rise o'er the hills with success for those who follow such ways for himself, and you will have many friends.

As I see the crisis before my eyes of nature I still stand pat on its courses and worldly ideas—to see it begin a time when all men will be as one and act upon nature's ways as they were meant to be. In my career I've done my best to help those who could think twice before doing once. Many a sad happening it would save a man or woman if thought could only take its course twice over. If the blood is pure there is no reason why one could not make a second thinker, and a beautiful thinker. In the first place it is the surroundings which cause one to think. But nature is all we really have to go by, so let's follow the sweet, broadened path of light and be one for all peoples, as there be good and bad in all classes. If there wasn't we would not know right from wrong. So let the future fill thy path so sweet and take up thy golden staff to greet, with visioned scenes part from sleet, and peer into the distant wake, as the will for all be what we make. Sweet virtues lie within our path. Be honest in all grafts; go thy way and distinctly say, "Independence is the only way."

ANGER—'TIS GREEN
No. 11

The price for the angry soul, for thee
Lead no redemption, but dying in woeful agony;
Its greenness and taint and death at slow rate
Never sure-footed—it's the wrong-tainted bait.

When anger fills thy veins with yellow-blooded stains,
And go through life with a heart despondent be.
Just think for a while what a terrible grain,
Then what loving, majestic harmony means to thee.

Then look thee to thy mother true and sweet,
Who gave sweet life and a world to greet;
To lead you on to an inspired meet,
The best dear old soul to a boy and a treat.

Let not anger enter to passion good and true
There be no paradise for thee if you do;
But stay by thyself and a land that loves thee still,
And use good judgment with the paths of will.

THE LOCKET OF HEARTS
No. 12

Hearts of noble instinct, the free and the brave,
The land of Old Glory still maintain that our fathers gave;
Still in days to come this country which has won
Unselfish love she gave to all, not one was left undone.

From the pioneer days to modern century ways
This land of green has led to majestic super-raise;
With hearts so kind and wisdom destined
From the wake of '76 gained a worldly gifted praise.

And now that it shall be the path of the twentieth century
To strive to sway by independent, stately way
A safe, sound course of the modern and free.
God bless the future of the U. S. A.

The locket of hearts so must come to pass
To this modest free-thinking land at last,
And honor and obey the red, white and blue,
Like thy daddy before thee, remain loyal and true.

THE GRAND CANYON OF ARIZONA
No. 13

Far down to the depths of the steepest fate,
D scending at a never-ending rate,
Thru darkest ravines and crevices, too,
The grandest sight sent from God to you.

As its tales bring sights and memories new,
From its noble art distinctly true,
With peaks and pikes and mountain dew,
And Indian guides to take you thru.

With the sun sending rays across its peaks of gold,
Threatening doom to the daring and bold,
Going down to a never-ending trait,
Wondering if such be a death bait.

Did you ever dream how such was made,
Which seems like a million-foot grave?
From years of fame, the Colorado came,
Cutting its way thru like a cloudburst of rain.

Godlike, beautiful, grandeur for thee,
You see them all in the U. S. A.
Climbing the mountains and chasms high,
Peering into the pretty sky.

As shadows are falling thru its winding paths,
And the sun is sinking just like a raft,
This canyon grand, like a golden band,
A mystery of this godly land.

Let thoughts of love and the scenes beyond,
With spirits and pastimes correspond
To the day when all in harmony be,
This scientific land of humanity.

THE FIELDS OF PARADISE
No. 14

Across the plains and the far beyond to the lime-
light slopes of paradise,
Within its gates of silvery glaze, its own immortal
praise
And emblems of three colors there, and golden
sabers bare
The pearly gates of paradise, and smiles for thee
are there.

As thrones of the earth shall rule for their own
And kingdoms pass away and meet their judgment day;
Across the slopes of distant dreams, where paradise gleam
O'er the skyline from the dividing of this earthly dream.

The republics of this day perfection be and cherished harmony,
But opposed different ways lead many to their graves
And lose sweet dreams to be and die in slavery,
So let republics reign and save God's mighty aim.

The fields of paradise and inspired spirits plead
By its message from a-far off to save this world from greed.
This land shall be a founder of this modern creed.
From the pearly gates of heaven, America be its lead.

HEARTS OF AMERICA
No 15

Hearts of divine, unselfish wisdom known,
What greater gift to souls could be bestown;
The supernatural land of this world far shown,
Deserves such bliss and a golden crown.

But independent we must be to hold the realms of victory,
And remember the days of '76, when our flag first was stitched.
Into the colors it now waves high
Beneath a beautiful bluish sky.

When our foes have learned our destiny,
Their greed for land despiseth be,
But Uncle Sammy, watching o'er the free,
Brings death to greed and gluttony.

This land of the loving and kind 'tis sweet,
Where people with hearts you can always meet,
And trend your way to the happiest day.
God bless the wisdom of the U. S. A.

With the morals of love, inspired from above,
To this sunkist land of the turtle dove,
But wishes true, sweet dreams for you,
In this courteous land, of the red, white and blue.

It was on a bright summer day in the month of July. I ventured across the plains to see nature's stream of life and what would be in the distance the better part to play in this romantic world of experience. I crossed the great American desert to begin with, so as to start from the bottom and go to the top of the ladder. While crossing this no-man's land I came upon a lad who was dying for the want of water. So I gave him a good quencher, which quickly revived him. He apparently was some mother's boy, so it touched me to find out something about the lad. These were his words: He left home because his daddy had left this world for a better one, so he was venturing across the desert to Texas to become a cowboy if possible. So I got to thinking of the circumstances he might have left his mother in, and perhaps cause her to worry about him. Realizing that a boy's mother is his best friend he must help to keep her now. So we went on together. As the purple sun was fast descending to its rest we rode into that sweet little town of Tucson, Arizona, and I seen that he was well provided for till he could manage to get along pretty well for himself. So finally he got enough "pep" into him to relate how he thought toward his future. He was a good, free-hearted lad, big blue eyes, and the kind who would make a smart man if he only was given a fair chance. So his chance was granted. We left Tucson on a Sunday morning. The sun was just peering above the hills and showed that the day was going to be a cracker-jack. We left town in a Ford car for Phoenix, arriving there three days later. We did not hurry; built a campfire here and there and ate our meals together, and then continued our journey across that lonesome land where the sun sends its rays of heat to the white glittering sands of that great American desert. It was while crossing the desert that he told me he lived in Phoenix. He apparently was of good stock, for he spoke fluently and intelligently, and anyone would like his pleasing way. So we finally arrived in Phoenix and it was a blessing to him. His contented face seemed to change its appearance and he was every bit at home. When I drove him home his mother was on the front porch to meet him. This was the boy's story to his mother: "I left home, mother, to see if I could make a cowboy of myself in Texas," but I had got him to change

his view of things till he had gotten a better means of providing for himself before starting out in the world to face its ups and downs.

I gained his confidence and he took it from one who had gone through the experience of nature's paths. But after all was said and done it is just what a man gains for himself that makes a proper one, and it always pays to be friendly to one that really means well, as a good person will always be paid back in his own coin. There is a true old motto which is a good one: "It isn't what you was, it's what you are today." So the lad decided to stay home till he became of age and to help make the home of his mother more comfortable. I was well paid for bringing him to his home. First I did not want to accept any fee, but they were well-to-do and would feel bad if I had not taken it. Two years later I met this same lad in El Paso, Texas, a fine, big, broad-shouldered fellow, the same pleasing young face. I sure was glad to meet him and he the same. He never could forget that day when he landed on his feet in the light of his future. Now he has a half interest in a ranch ten miles east of El Paso and is well-to-do and a first-grade cowpuncher. Today his whole family just adores me for just that little lift to a higher trail. It always pays to understand nature and its proper morals, and to help the ones who really mean good, for it helps the ones who lend a hand also.

I then took up my journey to the Grand Canyon of Arizona, where the most wonderful spectacle of nature I viewed from the rim. Nowhere on God's green earth is there a better paradise. There is only one thing to do in its midst, that is to be silent and still while the sun sends its glory across its peaks of gold. I enjoyed its scenery of nature, its chasms, its descending depths like a million-foot grave. Its grandeur, touching ways and the waters of the wondrous Colorado running through its depths all go to make it the most wonderful sight on this green earth. Then I left the canyon with old Henrietta and ventured o'er the skyline to a land beyond the Texas line.

THE PARTING OF THE WAYS
No. 16

Life with sorrow and the dawn of tomorrow
Paints a path with its golden staff,
From the silvery birth to the straightest furrow,
With bygone days and tears of sorrow.

As the parting ways shall change this globe
Into many a sinful mode,
And mould its way to a parting day,
Before this world begins to sway.

Let not one's thoughts to you mislead,
But to ignore this childless deed,
And pass it to the days gone by,
As modern freedom standeth nigh.

Thru all true morals, with a loving life,
For a duty in this worldly strife,
To go thy way and distinctly say,
Grand love of independence, obey.

As the change of this planet ranges on,
Your son may have to shoulder a gun.
This world shall prove its changing ways,
From the parting ways to modern days.

IN THE GARDEN OF LOVE
No. 17

In a garden of dreams among beautiful queens,
Beneath the pepper tree's shady beams,
Watching the pretty trinkling waters flow,
Cuddling up with talks of woe.

Love the founder and gift adorn,
Be it the knowledge, abounding all,
To ever dream these sweet dreams,
Sitting by the trickling streams.

When hearts mingle together with glee,
True love makes you happy and free.
Cuddling up and loving your dove,
All alone in the garden of love.

CHILDREN OF MEN
No. 18

The supreme gift of vital, manly souls,
With blood and wisdom, be brings super-destiny?
Thy path shall knowledge pay, thy offspring then
array
In brightness and with beauty reflected in thy stay.

Pretty little gifts of life are children of men,
As they go their way to school to learn the golden
rule;
But when lessons all are done they love to play and
run
In recess hours of sunshine, such little tots of fun.

As the years pass on and win their way to fame
The super-manly nature make the perfect strain,
Which paves a future gayly the flower of earthly
reign;
Prosper ye, oh, manly creatures, who knows the
giftly game.

Perfect types of founded love, be proportioned little
and sweet,
Like trees of golden sunlight, short and pretty greet.
The vital gift of nature does not cleave the sky,
For when it performs such antics it topples over
to die.

THE BLUE BIRD
No. 19

As the Bluebird spreads its wings beneath the
western skies,
And the sun of the east, makes its early rise;
This sweetest bird of paradise, with prettey notes
entice
And if you stand quite close to him, he'll whistle for
you twice.

He's the color of the brightest skies, but gee, what
a prize!
The smartest coat of color, with a tint of golden
fodder.
He'll sing his notes of glee, in the prettiest pepper
tree;
The king of little birds, with tunes like loving words.

IRELAND'S DESTINY
No. 20

The land of the green sod meadows grow,
Old Ireland shores, the sweetest spot that Irish know.
O'er the hills and flats where noble blood o'erflow.
This shore of the hearts pure wisdom bestow.

Look thee to sweet Ireland's shores once more,
When they ask and plead, just adore
The way of a people so good and so true.
Such dreams must be answered by our red, white, and blue.

A land of destiny unselfish wisdom known,
Such noble hearts of Irish shores, what better could be bestown.
Its gifted ways and combined praise.
Ireland's destiny shall gain true nations' favored raise.

From distant dreams beyond its depths,
Where a beautiful Isle of Shamrock crept
To a stage of life in this world's strife.
Ireland's dreams come true, lest beyond its life.

A beautiful Isle of Shamrock across the deep blue sea,
Her beckoning heart, it pleads to thee,
To set her island free, just for her destiny,
And pave a way till judgment day.

Beyond the paths of written gifted words
Means a battle of hell to this stately earth.
But when a heart goes out to all,
This kingdom of God shall never fall.

Yes, we go through many paths of life, but there lies a stretch of land called the American desert, along that grand and scenic route, the Southern Pacific Railway, which let hope stand fast to better a way and means of its condition for the parting of its sandy gloom. It will be to my way of peering into it a wonderful, fertile land of riches some day (by irrigation). As we cross its scenic route it will speak for itself and bows its glory and grandeur ways, of famous mounds, in all its beauty and setting joy comes to one, for such a change will beckon you to come again. As the train passes on to that distant scene of dreams and hope we see many a wonderment, in all its pride, which will print its way with reason and forever linger in your memory its scenes of fate and future paths. In Arizona, the land of noble instinct and healthful gift, where peers the great divide and climate to perfection. I once camped in harmony and lived in a tent, and by night thought of many things that might come to man as I peered into my campfire and watched the flames flicker on their way into eternity. But as it died away I pictured many a vision which would be sure to come true some day. As I sat within the entrance of my tent coyotes howled about me, which told me the hungry condition of the desert; but the time will come when I believe this sandy midst will become one of the most wonderful producers by irrigation this world has ever known, which will apparently make room for better hopes of life and no need for so many worthless wars. One might ask the reason why war comes to this planet. It is because produce of the world be lack ing, and not being able to provide for its people naturally brings on this torment. It is always better to keep the wheels of industry turning rather than to put out more money for pestilence by irrigation of this No-Man's Land will put the country on a thorough footing once more to enjoy the comfort and sweet paths of God's green earth. So let the populace get together to make this part of the paradise of America. All it needs is the money behind pressure pumps and this sand will become a wonderment of nature and a land of milk and honey. I shall take up my abode in another study for the betterment of mankind and leave this condition of the great American desert for the people of its soil to judge for themselves.

THE SCENES BEYOND THE DEPTHS
No. 21

As the dreams of the past kiss the future's gambling chance
With deep thoughts of a silent path which is trodden and gone,
Brings the scenes of sorrow and a fighting past
To a land of the brave true colors of independence won.

With the scenes afar from the depths of fate,
This country of three colors and a modern, clean slate,
And wondrous beauty, aloft in glorious rate—
This land of the free an ace of this globe shall be.

The watchword of chance amid the blue lit skies.
With the space to a higher, super-harmonious raise;
As its future shall kiss the winds of a dazzling haze
Amid the twilight's parting of the ways.

Shall America's true laurels go back to early days?
When our fathers paved a way so that we may
Be saved from the depths of a lower trail.
America, attention, with eyes on that high-binding rail.

THE FIGHTING YANKS
No. 22

Far across the seas, in blooded battlefields,
Where threatres of war silenced many dreams,
These warred lads fought their way
To win true laurels for the U. S. A.

In Flanders' fields souls were laid to rest
Among sweet poppies and a wreathed crest,
But such lads a mother knows best
From the day he cuddled to her breast.

As the cannon roared its last good-bye,
Thoughts shall ever wander nigh.
The bugler sounded the last farewell,
With thoughts of home, and battles of hell.

But the bygone days shall bring its prize,
To the boys thru thoughts of wisdom.
But those that lie in Flanders' fields,
The spirit of old will ever shield.

Let them rest in peace and feast in paradise,
And the golden fields of Flanders bloom,
As shadows fall and fade away,
In Flanders' fields among sweet poppies lay.

IN DIXIELAND
No. 23

In Dixieland, where darkies sing sweet songs of melody,
And the tumming of banjos bring distant dreams to thee,
Where a sunny land of golden smiles so sweet,
And a friendship true at heart you'll always meet.

In the sweetest part of Dixie where the sweet potatoes grow,
Where darkies tell their tales, and the funniest jokes they know,
And dance their way to the break of day,
In Dixieland of golden smiles, where darkies stay.

At dawn in the land of the cotton blossoms blooming pink and white,
As darkies sing sweet melody airs, from daybreak into night,
The sunny land of Dixie blooms so bright,
For that fancy buck and wing, beneath the silv'ry light.

All thru the land of Dixie are pretty fields so green,
The sights you see in Dixie will make your heart just gleam;
Floating down the river on the Mississippi stream,
In the dear old land of Dixie, clean to New Orleans.

THE GREAT AMERICAN DESERT
No. 24

Across distant plains called no man's land,
To the cactus fields of glazing sand,
Its open vast wide boundaries made
The making of many a human grave.

When the thirst for water weighs you down,
And twenty miles from a town,
What pains are worse than a terrible thirst,
Where the rocks are burnt to a glazed brown?

O'er plains and glistening sands so white,
Where the coyotes sing their songs at night,
And jump from sage brush and cactus green
To gnaw the bones of some poor being.

I've often sat and wondered and thought
If such it could be changed,
To a home of health and lots of wealth,
Fresh air to make your sorrows melt.

From a thirsty land of silvery white,
Where the howl of wildcats sound at night,
And fade away before daylight,
Before the sun it gets too bright.

As the sun sends its heat thru this plain of woe,
And you board the rattler and raring to go,
From the sands of desert to the distant glow,
To the land of the evergreen, sweet waters flow.

ACROSS THE SEA OF LIFE
No. 25

There's the land across the deep blue sea
Where souls are always happy and free.
In a garden fair, with beautiful hair,
With loving care and a kingdom's share.

Where dainty creatures reign as one,
The path of the sunshine and lots of fun,
Where the spirits bring glory to all adorn,
Across the sea of life on Easter morn.

As the sun's purple rays cross its paths so sweet,
Where hearts of love and a kingdom greet,
With golden robes and crowns so bright,
And limelight shines all thru the night.

To a golden strand and a promised land,
Such wondrous glories and a happy band.
With beautiful songs and heartfelt throngs,
At the sound of heavenly gongs.

Dancing their way thru beds of fluffy white,
All colors of rainbow are lilies bright.
But the rose that makes its fragrance tell,
Lives in the home of the valley and the dell.

Oh, souls of the kingdom come are we,
With hearts so pure and wisdom free,
Let man with the freedom loving and kind,
Be the teacher of this earthly grind.

AN ANGEL FROM THE FAR BEYOND
No. 26

As this planet revolves thru time and space,
This land becomes more modern as a race.
From Washington's days her years roll on,
To the boys that died and the cause they won.

As more modest days shall come to pass
In this super-land of science at last,
America, the birth of the lonesome ace,
The land of the super-race.

An Angel from the far beyond
Stands alone to correspond.
The future on this earth shall be
A world-wide change of destiny.

As this world ages on to the distant wake
A will for all be what we make
But a kindly act, may better the impact
A noble and generous way exact.

But the pride of the race bears no disgrace
Such glories it has endured,
The flower of this land we shake their hand,
And by Old Glory shall ever stand.

THE WILLING HAND
No. 27

A spirit of comfort concentrate thy will for thee,
The willing cord of a cherished heart combined to be.
America's sons of reddish veins and supreme countenance,
They with sweet pride and willing stride stand by their country.

With the days of a solemn past we think
For a willing thought never leads to naught
Toward a future of bright emerald will be caught
With the spark of golden sunshine, be it superthought.

When you sit by the window and the sky be at its best
And then watch the moon and stars when the sun has gone to rest,
And look quite close to see them work in pretty harmony,
Like the willing hand of pure pedigree.

Willing sons of passive thought and concentration be
The kind that leads a world to fame, a gifted race to reign;
And fill thy paths from sorrow, for the dawn of a morrow,
A willing soul of freedom knows no real sorrow.

THE PATH OF GOLD
No. 28

'Twas up in the Yukon in days of long ago,
When the gold rush was on, I chanced to meet a pal known as Joe,
Along the path of gold in the bonanza-flow,
But those days are gone with dreams of the past,
And back in the States and home at last.
How sweet were the dreams of the days gone by
That we spent in the Yukon, Joe and I.
As the golden sun dies in the west,
In this land of the free and America first.
I still remember my Yukon days,
In the land of wonder and gold craze.

Oh, dreams of the Yukon, come true that we
May make thee sweet from prosperity.
As the sun spreads its rays across the northern sea,
The Yukon spells gold still at heart for me.
A fortune I made and spent with a heart,
But, gee, me and Joe made a pretty start
Of the long past days of Alaskan trails,
To the Yukon spell—in the valley of the dell,
With love untold to the path of gold.

THE BATTLE OF CHATEAU THIERRY
No. 29

Bugles were sounding as the battle raged on,
Comrades were falling for the cause they won.
Fight on, fight on, still the maddened cry raised,
Voices pealed out to comrades that were dazed.

The deeds that were fought across the sea
Are a blessing to a world set free,
With the tasks of war no more to flaw,
And the freedom of America's shore.

As the battle raged high thru night and day,
The Rainbow Division was still bright and gay,
As bugles were sounding a long retreat,
Told tales of slaughter and the Huns' defeat.

Did you ever picture a bugler boy,
Far out on the plains of war,
And watch with pride his detecting eye
With notes that tell thee, do or die?

As war can never cease to reign
When nations wend their way in vain,
Our land to defend be but enough,
Independent American stuff.

With machine guns rending the glories of war,
And dreams of America's shore,
How we fought thru the jaws of hell.
God bless the land of the Liberty Bell.

Days of Chateau Thierry never shall fade
In memory and love shall it ever be made,
The days that are gone can never return,
But in our hearts will always burn.

THE FLIGHT OF THE TWENTIETH CENTURY

No. 30

A noble steed of steam she be,
That flying Twentieth Century.
O'er the rails so smooth,
Her speed she will prove,
The queen of the east,
And never been fleeced.

That train de luxe, a prize she looks,
As she plows her way on down the line,
And puts you in Chicago on time,
Thru the sunny land of destiny,
O'er the route of Twentieth Century.

As she travels thru the land of the valley and the hill,
Such comfort and luxury gives a beautiful thrill,
As she wends her way to the break of day,
And the passengers shout, hurray, huray,
That flying, noble steed of steam seems just like a dream.

From New York to Chicago she goes her speedy way,
From darkness into daybreak you hear the passengers say:
"Such gifted lead, this world does need."
With thy business deed, she gives thee speed,
From the gay white way, in less than a day.

As the whistle blows and she chugs her way,
Flying o'er the rails, so that we may
Go to Chicago without delay,
On the path of the Twentieth Century.

THE WRITTEN PROMISE
No. 31

America's aim be a golden reign, and loyal red, white and blue,
Sons that shall prove to shine and give their best for you.
The written hand of super-man to lead its greatest gain,
And stand by the colors of a land that has the name.

The greatest gain, which leaves no dazzling stain
Be the written promise of nature's stream with loving hearts that beam,
And bring sweet knowledge and friendship sure to gleam,
Go through this stately earth and its golden dream.

What dreams be thine to save in time, pure reason measured,
And through this world to go thy way golden treasured.
Pure gift of love has founded thee above perfect leisured,
Thy surrounding be good thought for thee till judgment day.

Gifted love of promise be to the silvery crest of harmony,
Cautious ways be perfect raise and to blaze your destiny.
To follow a course of travel leads to endeared true level,
And hallow the scenes of nature, the promised experienced teacher.

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